

THE ANCIENT THEATRE.

Miniature from the *Térence*, of CHARLES VI, M.S. executed at the beginning of the XVth century. No. 25. B.L.L. Arsenal Library, Paris.

sion to thank the representatives,

who have granted permission to make selection from copyrighted works. Without this courtesy, so generously accorded, the publication of the Library, notwithstanding its great range both as to times and nationalities, would have been impossible.

The aim of the work has been to represent modern literature, and even contemporary writers, not less adequately than the ages of the past, from classical times onwards. The accomplishment of this intent has been realized by the inclusion of upwards of three hundred selections from works covered by English or American copyright. Particular acknowledgment of these has been made, each in its proper place, in the volumes of the Library itself, and it is a matter of congratulation to the projectors of the Library that their purpose should have been met and seconded in so liberal a spirit.

SPECIMEN PAGES.

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LIBRARY OF

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT WRITERS ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL, AND MODERN, WITH BIO-GRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

AND CRITICAL ESSAYS

BY

MANY EMINENT WRITERS.

EDITED BY

DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.

of the British Museum (1851-1899)

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

M. LEON VALLÉE ·

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DONALD G. MITCHELL

(IK MARVEL)

the Author of "Reveries of a Bachelor."

With Mibe Mundred Bull-page Allustrations and Coloured Plates

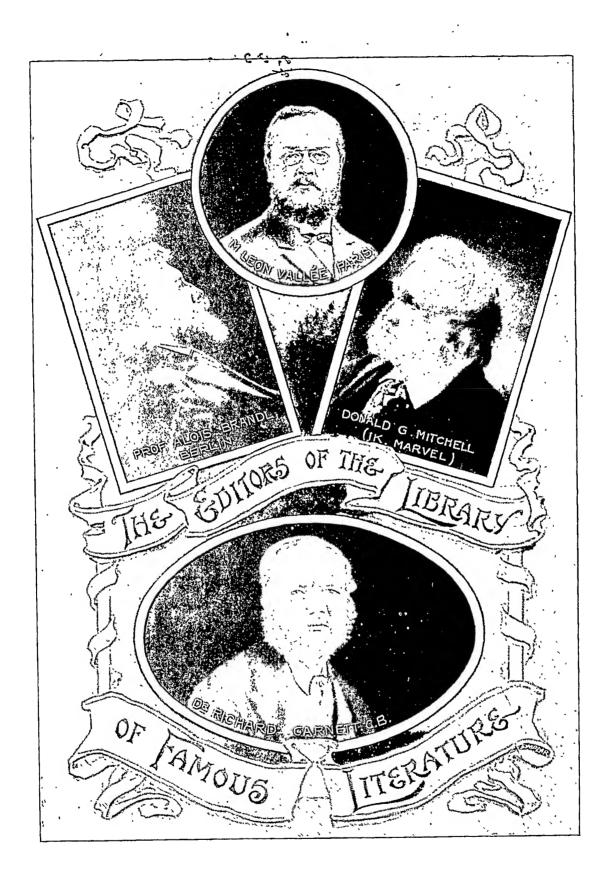
IN TWENTY VOLUMES

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the XVth century. No. 25. B.L.L. Arsenal Library, Paris.



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WHAT THIS GREAT LIBRARY IS.

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An Unparalleled Collection.

THE LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE is a collection, unparalleled in extent, of the greater literature of the world, from the dawn of letters, through Ancient and Mediæval times, to the work of living authors like Tolstoi, Mommsen, Hardy, Herbert Spencer, Ibsen, Mark Twain, Swinburne, and Maeterlinck.

A Library in Itself.

It takes the place of whole libraries of scattered volumes and puts the reader in possession of the best of all that has been written in every age and country since writing began. Perhaps it should be added that the entire work is in English.

Its Editors.

The LIBRARY has been prepared by the most competent hands, by men whose whole life task has been a nurture of that keen judgment and critical insight necessary for the production of such a vast work. The Editor of the English edition is Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., equally known for his fifty years of service in the British Museum and as one of the foremost of English scholars. The association of Professor Brandl, Professor of Literature in the Imperial University, Berlin, of M. Leon Vallée, Librarian of the famous Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, and of Donald G. Mitchell of the United States, not to speak of many qualified assistants, suffices to stamp the work as of the highest authority.

6 THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

The Original Essays.

The brilliant series of critical and interpretative essays contributed to the LIBRARY by many of the most eminent living men of letters, affords a delightful introduction to the literatures of different ages and different lands.

Literary Biographies.

The long array of concise biographies of each of the authors represented in this vast collection, forms by itself an invaluable dictionary of literary biography, equally valuable for reference or for fixing in the mind the most important work of an author and his place in history.

A History of Literature.

The whole work is arranged in chronological order, and comprises a history of the world's literature from a new point of view. It is a history of literature by example, and enables the reader to follow the development of letters from the earliest times down to the work of men now living.

For Comparative Study.

The LIBRARY includes specimens from the writings of every people, past or present, possessing a true literature, thus presenting an unrivalled means for the study of comparative literature, now so deservedly popular.

Complete and New.

It is an absolutely new and original work, the first complete collection of the world's literature published in Great Britain. Its mere extent is equalled only by great works of reference like the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

What it Contains.

Its contents are as varied as literature itself, and its scope conterminous with that of the world of letters. It-includes over 300 of the finest poems, over 400 of the best stories, together with the best of travel and adventure, philosophy and

science, art, wit and humour, letters and journals, religious meditation, criticism and miscellaneous essays which may be gathered from all the books still preserved among men.

Gver 10,000 Pages.

The LIBRARY comprises over 10,000 royal octavo pages, of large clear type cast specially for the LIBRARY, and restful to the most sensitive eyes.

Delightful to Read.

The work is complete in twenty handsome volumes, printed upon a paper made especially for this work, presenting a clear, soft, unglazed surface, grateful to the eye, and rendering these books so light that they may be held with the utmost ease.

Illustrations that are Interesting.

The LIBRARY is richly embellished with nearly 500 full-page illustrations and coloured plates, printed separately from the text, on heavy enamelled paper. These illustrations are apt and interesting; often rare and quaint. There are portraits of all the most famous authors who ever lived; there is a delightful series of pictures of authors' homes and a still more novel series of famous authors in their homes, seated by their study tables, amid their books, at work. So too, their haunts are shown, the scenes of memorable passages in their books, and places celebrated in literature or in history.

Rare Coloured Plates.

The coloured plates, running through every volume, form one of the most notable features of the LIBRARY. They have been gathered from rare sources and comprise some of the most exquisite specimens of the antique art of book-illumination which flourished centuries ago, when books were made by hand, and the transcription of a single volume often represented the labour of years.

Reading for a Lifetime.

To sum up, this great work comprises in itself a rich and marvellously varied library. It provides entertaining reading sufficient to last the most of readers for a lifetime; while on the other hand it will supplement and round out the best private collection of books. As an introduction to a wider acquaintance with the best literature, or as a means for inculcating and developing a taste for literature, especially among the young, it must be welcome in every home where books are valued and read.

The Cost and Gain.

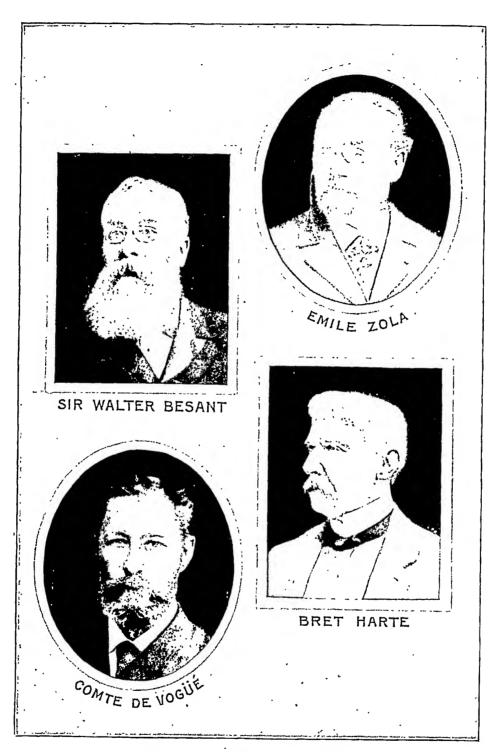
It represents more than the uncondensed wealth of a thousand volumes, and costs less than a score of ordinary books of similar character.

It is "infinite riches in a little room."

In Brief.

Sixty centuries or more have rolled away since the ancient Babylonians first inscribed their thoughts, the history of their race, and their quaint and often fantastic notions of the world, upon tablets and cylinders of clay. Unto them succeeded the Egyptians and the Hebrews, writing upon curious strips prepared from the papyrus plant. Yet later came the age of the Classics, when the Greeks and Romans wrote with a stylus upon their parchment rolls and rapid slave copyists made reproductions of the more popular writings, which circulated widely through the Empire. The age of darkness followed, and after it the awakening of the Renaissance, the invention of printing, and the beginning of the modern world. And so vast has been the subsequent productions of books that to-day the volumes borne upon the shelves of several of the greater libraries of the earth are numbered by the hundreds of thousands.

It was the aim of the editors of the Library to distil from these sixty centuries of books their very essence—to omit nothing that was vitally significant, of enduring value, or of historic interest; and yet at the same time to produce a real Library, every paragraph and page of which should be literature of keen and present interest; not a library for scholars and bookworms merely, but for the living, busy public of to-day.



Some of the Distinguished Writers who have contributed the Introductory Essays written expressly for "The Library of Famous Literature."

Why the Library has come into Existence.

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IN one of the charming letters which Emerson wrote to L Carlyle, the philosopher is found telling his friend of his vain but strenuous endeavour to get through the whole of Goethe's seventy formidable volumes. "Thirty-five I have read," he writes blithely, "but to compass the other thirty-five I despair!" Seventy volumes in all, from one man! Little wonder that the Concord sage could find time for only half of them, when the present day remembers hardly half a dozen.

The Fecundity of Great Writers.

Goethe has been dead little more than two generations. Great as he was, great as he still seems, the third generation after his death saves from out of his life-work but a scant In another half-century he will be among the classics—that is to say, more talked of and less read. But his fate is not exceptional; it is the same which is dealt out by the years to most writers, great or small. Voltaire managed to produce ninety volumes in the course of his long career:who reads all of them now? Scott, Balzac, and Dumas, who wrote novels chiefly, live a little longer. A good story may survive; hence the perennial freshness of Boccaccio's "Decameron," three hundred years old. But how many of the three or four hundred romances to which Dumas put his name are still read? Who even can pretend to have gone through all the eighty or a hundred volumes of Balzac or Scott? Who even can lay claim to have read all of Dickens or Thackeray? Yet these latter belong almost to the present generation.

"The Struggle for Existence."

The keen struggle for existence, which Darwin so dramatically unveiled in the world of living things, goes on not less rigorously in the world of books. What charms one period may be but boredom for the next. Here and there

a favoured type survives; the great mass is thrown away. A Shakespeare, a Milton lives on, thanks to a supreme attainment that lends immortality. But the new time demands new representations, the mirror of its own life, its own struggles, its own aspirations; and we have scant leisure for the pictures of past days.

The Great Anthologies of the Past.

This swift sifting of the years is to be seen in yet sharper relief when we consider the literature of the ages far remote. It is a curious fact, less regarded than it might be, that the great books of literature which have come down to us from early times are chiefly collections or anthologies. The Bible is a most notable example. We have others in the Talmud of the Jews, the Vedas and the Mahabharata of the Hindoos, the Avesta of the Persians, the Sagas and the Eddas of the Norse, the legends of the Greek Argonauts, of the Holy Grail, and of King Arthur and the Round Table; the Niebelungen Lied, the songs of the Provençal poets, the Kalevala and the stories of the Arabian Nights. These are less the work of individual men than of a race. They are composites—in a large sense, anthologies.

Homer as a "Blend" of many Homers.

Even in Homer modern criticism has found only a collection of songs and stories which must have grown up through the accretion of centuries. They were passed on from age to age, each generation adding its perfecting touch. It is to this that their greatness and their glory is due. We shall less wonder at the genius of the ancients, and be less inclined to depreciate the craftsmanship of our own days, if we remember that in the making of these imperishable works many hands wrought, many different epochs contributed what they could to give them everlasting life.

The example is worth heeding. Consider what must have been the result if, in the making of the Canterbury Tales, successively a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Pope, a Byron, a Tennyson, and a Swinburne could each have given from his best!

But the printed book has come, and what once must have been the universal rule is but imitation or even plagiarism now. Even the fact that Shakespeare borrowed from whatever source he could, and that his dramas are in a sense a huge anthology, has been summoned to lessen in some degree the imposing stature of his genius. To-day another Shakespeare is as impossible as another Iliad or another Odyssey.

Our Opulent Modern Time.

The effect upon modern literature is decisive. The author of to-day no longer may borrow freely from, or rather build upon the work of his predecessors; at any cost he must be original. The result is a richness, a range, an extraordinary variety to which the classics of the past can lay no claim. On the other hand, the high and even excellence of classical times gives way to a striking inequality in the work of even our best writers. We have no one whose work is worth knowing throughout. There are few even who are worth knowing much.

"The Survival of the Fittest."

But who shall choose for us the best? Somehow the choice must be made. Such is the amazing fecundity of present-day literature that our keenest danger lies not in a paucity of genius, but that the works of genius may be lost in a surging and ever-increasing flood. The number of new books is appalling. Every nation contributes. In England and America alone upwards of 10,000 new volumes are printed every year. Were we to take twice Dr. Johnson's prescription of five hours a day, and read as fast as could Scott or Macaulay, it would still be impossible to compass a tithe of this mass

Dr. Carnett's Apposite Word.

"Sifting and selection," writes Dr. Garnett in his fine introduction to this LIBRARY, "which was once a slow and unconscious process, has become an imperative necessity.

The dilemma is clear. We shall either read aimlessly, catching up bits of what is good and great amid much chaff and trash, or else we shall neglect the greater literature altogether.

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"The time seems ripe for a reversion to the principle which gave to classical literature its glory and its life: the sentiment that the highest excellence should be aimed at, and for a revival of the Greek idea of an anthology—a 'gathering of flowers'; which is, after all, translated into broader scientific language, but Darwin's formula of 'the survival of the fittest.'

"It is out of this idea that the present work has sprung."

A Timely Work.

Our literary prophets and teachers have all taken note of the danger that the greater literature of the world will be swept away in the flood of books that pours from the publishers' presses - 7,500 new books annually from Great Britain, 24,000 from Germany, 13,000 from France, 9,000 from Italy, 5,000 from the United States-more than 60,000 new books each year. On the other hand one may search the book stores or the great libraries in vain for a single popular work which gives, within convenient compass, a comprehensive survey of literature in all ages and all countries. The "Library of Famous Literature," gathering together as it does the highest achievements of literary art in all lands and all times, answers, then, to a pressing need of the time. For the intelligent public of ever scant leisure, in the home where books are valued and read, or as a means of inculcating a taste for literature, especially among the young, these admirable volumes must be profoundly welcome.



Some of the Distinguished Writers who have contributed the Introductory Essays written expressly for "The Library of Famous Literature."

What this Great Work Contains.

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Twenty instances from a Thousand Interesting Selections.

OME one once remarked that by far the most interesting things in literature are largely unread. The reason is not far to seek; most people read nothing but novels, which are usually cheap, and for the rest the interesting things of history and travel and adventure and science are usually buried in portly and expensive volumes which few people have the money to buy or the time to explore if they have them.

Just for these reasons the Library of Famous Literature will prove a genuine treasure-house for people who like entertaining things to read, and who have not a great deal of time or money to put into books. This admirable Library is not simply a collection of classical literature, nor even of serious literature. It contains several hundred of the finest stories which have ever been written in all the different tongues spoken by man. Further, it contains several hundred of the finest specimens of poetry produced in all the ages of the world. But these constitute only two of the many sides of this great work. It contains, in addition, hundreds of selections from the masterpieces of the general literature. These selections have a range and variety impossible to indicate here; but a few examples suffice to show how interesting they are.

Was Beatrice Cenci Wronged?

Every one is familiar with the story of Beatrice Cenci, though not every one has read Shelley's intense and beautiful poem, which is founded upon the legend. But is the story true? Probably not. Like the legends of Romulus and Remus, of William Tell and countless others, it seems to have little foundation in fact. John Addington Symonds, the historian of the Italian Renaissance, has gone deeply into the question and has summed up the results of his investigations in one of his numerous volumes. Comparatively few people buy his books, but every one with a healthy

curiosity will be interested in reading his spirited narrative of the history of the Cenci family, which is given in Volume VI. of the LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE.

The Source of Macaulay's Fortune.

How did Macaulay make his money? Every one knows that to be an historian one must be rich and have time for research and study. The story of how Macaulay picked up a comfortable fortune during his occupancy of a lucrative official post in India he has told himself in the charming letters which he used to write to his sisters. These letters make up a couple of volumes more or less; the most interesting of them are given in the Library, of course.

Our Arboreal Ancestors.

What is the pedigree of man? Was it Darwin's idea that he was descended from a monkey? Most assuredly not. But that both man and a monkey came originally from the same stem can no longer be doubted. If you are of a scientific turn of mind, doubtless you will own all of Darwin's twelve or fifteen close-packed volumes. Few people have time for so many, however. Still, they would like to know just what Darwin thought and wrote on this absorbing question; and they will find the whole of this summed up by Darwin himself in the Library.

The World's First Novels.

What is the oldest story in the world? Probably the oldest novel is the quaint story of the "Two Brothers," drawn from an old Egyptian papyrus. But the curious poem relating the adventures of Istar, the Assyrian goddess, and her descent into Hades, must be far older. It was probably from the latter work that the account of the Flood contained in Genesis was taken. It is almost a matter of course that both these curious tales, the Egyptian and the Assyrian, are to be found in the Library of Famous Literature.

Again, what is the shortest great story ever written? That was a question which a coterie of literary men discussed one evening over an informal dinner. The shortest great story

that was offered was by a new American writer, and bore the startling title of "Hell fer Sartain." It is in the dialect of the Kentucky mountaineers, and fills but a page and a half of the LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE. It is intensely interesting as a story, and as a marvel of compression it is a curiosity besides.

Another evening this same coterie discussed the question of what was the shortest great oration in history. Almost the unanimous vote was for President Lincoln's wonderful speech at Gettysburg. It is not more than twenty lines long, but if you have never read it, you will hardly be able to realise what a master of the oratorical art can say in so short a space. It is to be found, along with many other famous speeches, in the LIBRARY.

The Origin of the Bank of England.

What was the origin of the Bank of England? Curiously enough it grew out of a political episode and not out of a commercial necessity. Probably you will never read or put on your shelves the late Walter Bagehot's great history of the Bank. But the portion of that history describing its origin and rise is something which every Englishman ought to know, and it is to be found in this Library in full detail.

Two Views of Life.

Emperors and slaves one usually thinks of as far enough apart. With points of view as separated as the poles, it is odd to think that the philosophy of a Roman emperor and a Roman slave could ever have much in common. The celebrated French historian, Renan, pictured the Emperor Marcus Aurelius as the most perfect man who ever lived. His daily jottings of his sensations and ideas is one of the most remarkable books ever written. There was a Roman slave, Epictetus, who wrote much the same kind of a book, and it is amazing to see how closely the thoughts of the two men coincide. If you have never read them you might spend an interesting evening dipping into the selections from these two authors which are given in the Library.

This Poet was a Cut-throat Vagabond.

A "poet thief" is the sobriquet under which François Villon has descended into history. He was a strange character, one of the strangest known to literature. The late Robert Louis Stevenson made an incident in Villon's career the subject of one of the finest stories ever written. It is called "A Lodging for the Night." The story probably represents the acme of Stevenson's power as a descriptive writer, and whether you read it simply for the story or as the picture of an olden day, it is something which no one who enjoys books may well afford to pass by. The LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE gives it entire.

The Torture of Joan of Arc.

While we are speaking of pictures of an olden day, one may cite another thrilling example likewise included in the Library; that is the French historian Michelet's description of "The Trial and Torture of Joan of Arc." It is hard to realise now that learned and upright men could ever have been guilty of such fiendishly cruel and ingeniously brutal acts. It is well to read of such things, however, in order to realise how far the human race has got on since.

Still another example which comes yet nearer to our day is to be found in Taine's vivid portraiture in the state of France just before the days of the Revolution. It is one of the greatest pieces of historical writing extant, and gives you at once a singularly clear view of a celebrated writer's style and of an epoch that seems separated from ours by centuries, though in reality it belongs to a little more than a hundred years ago.

For the Relaxing Mood.

These are rather serious topics. Here are some lighter ones.

Mark Twain's story of the "Jumping Frog" may not be the funniest story ever written, but it is certainly among the half-dozen best pieces of humorous writing in all literature. Then there is Austin Dobson's pretty poem which he calls



Some of the Distinguished Writers who have contributed the Introductory Essays written expressly for "The Library of Famous Literature."

"A Dialogue from Plato." It shows that master of light verse at his best.

Sometimes the little things of ordinary everyday life are lifted by a touch of fine descriptive power into new points of view. Take, for example, the little letter which Jane Welsh Carlyle, the wife of the Scotch philosopher, wrote on "Heroism in Housekeeping." The reading of it makes one think of a prosaic occupation in an oddly different way. So, too, every one will feel the fine blend of humour in Sir Arthur Helps little essay on "Unreasonable Claims in Social Affections." There is amusement too when a man of great deeds shows himself in his hours of relaxation. The fact that Sir Walter Raleigh was a poet is almost forgotten now, but his pretty lines on "What is Love?" deserves a better fate. It is included, along with all the other examples here cited, in the Library of Famous Literature.

Travelling by the Armchair Route.

Take another department, that of travel. How many people, even of those who read books, will ever have read Alfred Russel Wallace's "Malay Archipelago," or Ernst Haeckel's "Scenery and Life in Ceylon," or Professor Tyndall's "Life in the Alps"? Here are three famous men of science who turned aside from their serious preoccupations to write three of the most charming books of travel ever penned. Busy men and women can hardly be blamed if they have never read them, but every one will like to spend an evening, or many evenings, over the selections from these celebrated works which are to be found in the Library.

But these are only Glimpses.

Perhaps it is rather absurd to try to give an idea of a work that is in itself a great Library, by means of a few instances like these. It is much like endeavouring to give a friend an idea of a vast exposition, such as, for example, that which will be held in Paris next year, by sending him a few extracts from the catalogue. The LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE is precisely what its title indicates—a huge treasury of the finest and most interesting pieces of literature, from the dawn of civiliza-

tion down to, and including, the authors of our own day. It contains everything: the great classics like the Iliad and the Odyssey; wonderful stories like the great Bharata Tale (the Mahabharata of the Ancient Hindoos); poetry and stories from every people who ever lived and sung; the best of history, from writers like Mommsen and Curtius, Freeman and Froude, Gibbon and Green; bits of adventure and stories of wild life: the pith of the great philosophers like Hobbes and Locke and Hume and Spencer; fascinating chapters of science from writers like Huxley and Darwin and Proctor; famous letters from famous writers of letters; oratorical masterpieces from Demosthenes and Cicero to John Bright and Gladstone; choice pages from the intimate thoughts of diarists like Amiel and Samuel Pepys; epigrams and maxims from men like La Rochefoucauld and Dean Swift; philosophical reflections from writers like Rousseau and Pascal; religious writings like those of Cardinal Newman, Thomas à Kempis, and Dean Farrar; biting sarcasm from a Heine or an Ibsen; pathos and humour from writers like Charles Lamb, Bret Harte, or Oliver Wendell Holmes; fables from La Fontaine; autobiographies like Benjamin Franklin's—in fine, the whole gamut of literary production from grave to gay, from the deepest questions that concern the human soul to the lightest jests of a Horace, a Sterne, a Rabelais, or a Max O'Rell.

A Great Library in Itself.

A thousand volumes could not contain all that one may find in the Library of Famous Literature—not many thousand such as the average man or woman would buy, if they set out to purchase a huge library of the world's literature. All these treasures are here in the most compact and convenient form, arranged in chronological order to show the gradual development of the human intellect and the art of literature. They have been selected by the most competent hands, men who have spent their lives delving in books, and have here, as it were, brought up from the depths a vast treasury of pearls and sunken gold; masterpieces which are imperishable, others that have been forgotten and lost to view in the overwhelming flood which threatens to sweep from the library and bookshelf all but the ephemeral productions of the hour.

From Celebrated Wen of Letters.

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A Brilliant Series of Essays from the most Distinguished Living Authors of Europe and America.

The LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE gathers together more than a thousand selections from the great writers of all ages; it provides an endless store of good reading—the most interesting portions of all that has been written since civilization began; and, arranged in chronological order, it affords a fascinating view of the world's literature from the earliest times to our own day.

In addition to all this, the LIBRARY comprises a series of delightful essays on the literature of different epochs and different races, from the most distinguished of living men of letters. The following list will suffice to indicate the character and scope of these charming studies.

Mr. Henry James, the distinguished novelist and critic, the author of "Daisy Miller," "A London Life," "Terminations," "What Maisie Knew," and many other well-known works of fiction and criticism, sketches *The Rise of the Novel* to its present dominating position and attempts a forecast of its probable future.

Ferdinand Brunetière, the Editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," of Paris, and one of the most eminent critics and historians of France, writes for the LIBRARY on French Poetry, and especially the poetry of the nineteenth century.

Maurice Maeterlinck, after Ibsen perhaps the most notable of contemporary dramatists, the author of "Pelleas et Melisande," "The Intruder," and other well-known plays, writes for the Library on The Development of the Drama since Shakespeare.

Armando Palacio Valdes, the foremost of Spanish novelists, the author of "Marquis of Peñalta," "Sister St. Sulpice," "Froth," and many volumes of criticism, writes for the LIBRARY on The Decadence of Modern Literature.

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Sir Walter Besant, famous as the author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," out of which sprang the People's Palace of East London, writes for the LIBRARY on the interesting subject, Novels that have made History.

Paul Bourget, the most celebrated of French critics and novelists, the author of "Lies," "A Cruel Enigma," and many charming volumes of literary criticism, writes upon a topic close to his chosen field, The Evolution of Literary Criticism at the hands of Sainte-Beuve, Taine, and Matthew Arnold.

Bret Harte, one of the most popular of novelists, and one of the earliest of those who made use of the short story, the author of "Tales of the Argonauts," and many well-known works, writes for the LIBRARY on The Rise of the Short Story.

Emile Zola, a warrior in letters as he has recently shown himself in public affairs, the author of many novels and volumes of criticism, writes for the Library a militant essay on Naturalism and Romanticism.

Dr. Edward Dowden, Professor of English Literature in Dublin University, crudite scholar and charming essayist, writes for the LIBRARY on the Elizabethan Era and its Influence on English Literature.

Dean Farrar, theologian and historian, author of "The Life of Jesus," and many theological works, writes for the LIBRARY on The Literature of Religious Apologia and Criticism.

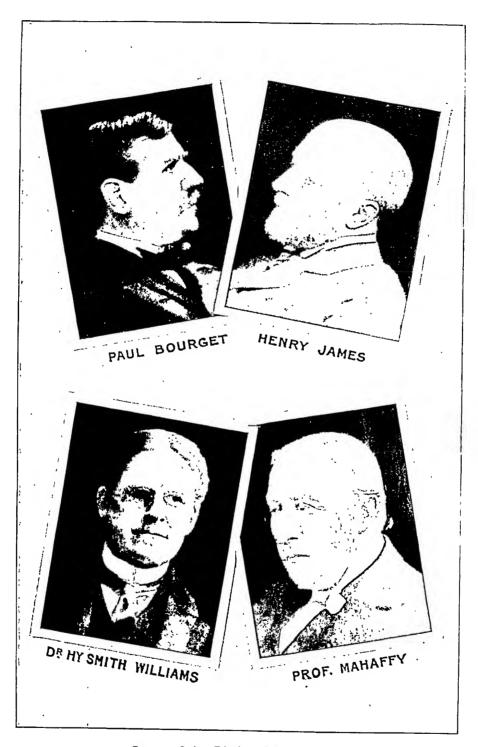
Comte E. Melchior de Vogüé, statesman and critic, writes for the LIBRARY on The Great Years of Russian Literature.

Prof. Pasquale Villari, of Florence, one of the most eminent of Italian historians, writes for the LIBRARY on The Renaissance and the Beginning of Modern Literature.

Donald G. Mitchell, known the world over for his delightful volumes (written under the nom de plume of "Ik Marvel"), "The Reveries of a Bachelor," "Dream Life," and the like, writes for the Library an essay entitled Concerning the Greater Literature of the World.

Dr. Henry Smith Williams, whose brilliant "History of Science in the Nineteenth Century" has won him a foremost place among the newer historians, sketches for the LIBRARY The Literature of Science.

Dr. Alois Brandl, Professor of Literature in the Royal



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University of Berlin, writes for the LIBRARY a comprehensive essay on The Main Currents of German Literature.

Andrew Lang, historian and publicist, author of "Comparative Mythology," and an extraordinary variety of other works, writes for the LIBRARY on The Progress of Literature

in the Nineteenth Century.

M. Leon Vallée, Librarian of the great Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, the largest library in the world, writes for the Library A General Introduction to French Literature.

Professor John Pentland Mahaffy, of Dublin University, one of the most distinguished of English historians, the author of "The Greek World under Roman Sway," "Greek Life and Thought," and numerous other well-known works, writes for the LIBRARY

a charming causerie on The Literature of History.

Edmund Gosse, one of the keenest and most delightful of English critics—a poet as well; the author of "Northern Studies," "History of Eighteenth Century Literature," "History of Modern English Literature," and several fine volumes of poetry and criticism, writes for the LIBRARY an attractive and thoughtful essay on What is Great Poetry; and the Appreciation of It.

The Editor of the "Library," Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., was for half a century associated with the great library of the British Museum, and for many years its head. Few men have ever placed so wide a store of learning at the service of so strong and graceful a pen. He contributes to the LIBRARY a stimulative and interesting paper on The Use and Value of Anthologies.

A Means of Culture.

In the preparation of the Library the chief editor, Dr. Garnett, has had the assistance of many eminent men of letters alike of Great Britain, Germany, France, and America. It is a work the like of which has never appeared before. It stands alone: And it is not too much to say that a thorough acquaintance with its pages would afford a liberal education in itself.

It is of especial value for that great body of men and women whose time or whose means is limited, and who do not wish to waste the scant leisure at their disposal on the ephemeral productions of the hour, but wish to make acquaintance with those writers whose supreme attainment has indubitably placed them among the world's immortals.

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Coming yet closer is a series of extremely interesting portraits, showing famous contemporary authors in their own studies, seated at their desks at work. None of these are shown in the specimen illustrations contained in this pamphlet; the following list will suffice to disclose their interest and value.

दन्यस्य स्ट्राट

Famous Authors in Their Homes.

Ibsen. Tolstoi. Prof. Jebb. Ruskin. Dean Farrar. Edmund Gosse. Henry James. F. Brunetière. Edmund de Goncourt. Hall Caine. Ernest Renan. Grant Allen. Pierre Loti. Alphonse Daudet. Francois Coppée. Thomas Hardy. Mrs. Humphry Ward. Dumas, Fils. Paul Bourget. James Bryce. Sir Walter Besant Justin McCarthy. Octave Feuillet.

Signor Valdes. Octave Feui Emile Zola. Dr. Garnett.

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Among others, these plates include reproductions from the Psalter sent by Pope Gregory to St. Augustine; from the Comedies of Terence; from an illuminated history of Rome; from the Coronation Books of the Anglo-Saxon Kings of England (Ninth Century), the Gospels of King Canute, the Bible of Alchuine, scenes from Richard II.'s Campaign in Ireland, and many others of kindred interest.

They have been especially reproduced for the LIBRARY, at great expense, with the original colours intact and unchanged. They alone represent a collection of unique and lasting value, equal, it might be said, to the full purchase price of the LIBRARY.

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It will at once give something of an idea of the extraordinary range and variety of the Library, and at the same time reveal how accessible is every topic, section, or page, to

note that the LIBRARY is double indexed, that is, that it has both a general and topical index, and that these two indexes contain some 10,000 entries. Every author, the subject on which he writes, the title of his story, history, sketch, or poem. the first lines of every poem, every proper name or character, and even the special and individual topics, referred to it may be, only in a page or even a paragraph, are all entered up, indexed, and cross referenced. The value of such an index for a work of the scope of the LIBRARY does not need to be pointed out. No matter how much one has forgotten of a subject or an author to which he wishes to refer, with the aid of this comprehensive index he needs only the remotest clue to what he wishes to find and it will require but a minute to find it. A glance at the specimen pages of the index included herewith will disclose how minute and exhaustive is its character.

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- 3. Three-quarter red levant morocco, burnished gilt tops, full gold Roger Payne backs; raised bands, finished extra; a superb binding for a moderate price. We particularly recommend this binding as likely to be the most satisfactory for a work of this character.
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FAC SIMILE FROM A MS. OF DEMOSTHENES

(TENTH CENTURY A. D. CODEX . E)

Paris, National Library (Greek MSS. nº. 2934)

[Specimen Pages.]

(The 32 pages which follow give the first page only of each of the selections, which are always of generous length, often filling twenty and thirty pages, or more, of the Library.)

INTRODUCTION: THE USE AND VALUE OF ANTHOLOGIES.

BY DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.

THERE have been periods in human history when the action of the Turk, who picks up and preserves every stray piece of inscribed paper, "because it may contain the name of Allah," has been highly reasonable. Such, in fact, is the present attitude of the archæologist and explorer to the fragments of papyrus he encounters in the rubbish of buried Egyptian cities, precious because they are so scarce, because they are so old, and because nobody can tell what priceless syllables they may contain. But the demeanour which is right in the infancy of a young literature, or amid the vestiges of an antique one, is wholly uncalled for in an age where the difficulty is to keep out of print. Even without the printing press, the scholars of the Alexandrian period found literature getting too much for them. What must it be now, when every daily newspaper requires machinery capable of producing more literary matter in an hour than all the scribes of Alexandria could have turned out in a generation? As the existence of a great river in a civilised country involves that of dykes, and quays, and bridges, so the existence of a great literature implies the ministrations of literary officials engaged in winnowing the bad from the good, and helping the latter to permanence. In a rude, imperfect manner this function is discharged by the current criticism of the periodical press; but this criticism, produced in haste, and by persons of widely varying degrees of qualification, requires to be itself very carefully winnowed.

The appearance of a new book in ancient times must have

[First Page of the Library.]

THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY

OF

FAMOUS LITERATURE.

THE ADVENTURES OF ISTAR.

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE SMITH.

(From "The Chaldean Account of Genesis.")

[The Assyrian legend of Istar is one of the oldest in the world, for it undoubtedly goes back far beyond the epic in which it is embodied, and from which the following translation is made. This great poem, at present existing for us only in fragments, but which may not improbably be restored from discoveries remaining to be made, appears to have interwoven numerous legends of the deities much in the same manner as the Metamorphoses of Ovid were constructed out of pre-existent materials, already sufficiently venerable to have acquired a sacred character. The book devoted to the adventures of Istar is hitherto by far the most perfect. It describes Istar's descent into the underworld in quest of her dead husband, Du-zi, the Tammuz for whom the Syrian women are represented by Scripture as mourning, and the Adonis of Greek mythology. The entire myth typifies the withdrawal of the sun in the darkness and cold of winter, of all natural facts the most likely to impress such races of mankind as do not enjoy a perpetual summer. It is met with in some form or other in every religion above the very rudest; what is peculiar to the Babylonian poet is the powerful imagination with which he depicts Istar successively divested of every portion of her apparel until nothing remains for her but the dust of death: while the consequences to mankind of the departure of the Goddess of Love and Pleasure from among them show that even at this early period, men were reasoning upon causes and results.]

- 1 [To Hades the country whence none return] I turn myself,
- 2 I spread like a bird my hands.
- 3 I descend, I descend to the house of darkness, the dwelling of the god Irkalla:
- 4 to the house out of which there is no exit,
- 5 to the road from which there is no return:
- 6 to the house from whose entrance the light is taken,

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

BY GEORG EBERS.

(From "An Egyptian Princess.")

[George Moritz Erris: German Egyptologist and novelist; born at Berlin, March 1, 1837. He was educated at Göttingen and Berlin, and lectured for a while at Jena. In 1870 he became professor of Egyptian archeology at Leipsic, resigning in 1889 on account of ill liealth. Besides several important works on Egyptology, he has published a series of historical novels treating of ancient Egyptian life, which have enjoyed extraordinary popularity not only in Germany but in other countries. The best known are: "An Egyptian Princess," "Uarda," "Homo Sum," "The Sisters," "Serapis," "The Bride of the Nile," and "Cleopatra." Also popular are: "In the Fire of the Forge," "The Burgomaster's Wife," and "Gred."]

HERE Aristomachus interrupted the Athenian, and cried: "Enough of praise, friend Phanes. Spartan tongues are awkward, but if you need my help, I will answer you with deeds, that will hit the right nail on the head."

Rhodopis smiled approvingly at the two men. Then she gave her hand to each, and said: "Unfortunately, dear Phanes. your story has shown me that you can no longer remain in this land. I will not reproach you for your folly, but you might have known that you were braving great dangers for small results. A really prudent and courageous man will undertake a bold deed only when the benefit which might accrue to him is greater than the disadvantages. Rashness is just as foolish, though not, perhaps, as reprehensible, as cowardice, for though both may injure a man, the latter alone disgraces him. This time your carelessness nearly cost you your life, a life which is dear to many, and which you ought to preserve for a better end than to fall a victim to folly. We may not try to keep you with us, for we could not help you, and should certainly harm ourselves. This noble Spartan shall in future take your place, and as captain of the Greeks represent our nation at court, protect it from the encroachments of the priests, and try to preserve the king's favor for it. I hold your hand, Aristomachus, and will not let it go, till you promise to act as Phanes did before you, and to protect, as far as it is in your power, even the lowest Greek from the arrogance of the Egyptians;

⁽These Specimens give the first page only, of each of the selections, which are often twenty or thirty or more pages in length,)

THE SAVAGERY OF CLASSIC TIMES.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THAT which will most strike the ordinary English reader in the narrative of Cæsar is the cruelty of the Romans,—cruelty of which Cæsar himself is guilty to a frightful extent, and of which he never expresses horror. And yet among his contemporaries he achieved a character for clemency which he has retained to the present day. In describing the character of Cæsar, without reference to that of his contemporaries, it is impossible not to declare him to have been terribly cruel. From bloodthirstiness he slaughtered none; but neither from tenderness did he spare any. All was done from policy; and when policy seemed to him to demand blood, he could, without a scruple,—as far as we can judge, without a pang,—order the destruction of human beings, having no regard to number, sex, age, innocence. or helplessness. Our only excuse for him is that he was a Roman, and that Romans were indifferent to blood. Suicide was with them the common mode of avoiding otherwise inevitable misfortune, and it was natural that men who made light of their own lives should also make light of the lives of others.

Of all those with whose names the reader will become acquainted in the following pages, hardly one or two died in Cæsar and Pompey, the two great ones, were their beds. Dumnorix, the Æduan, was killed by Cæsar's murdered. Vercingetorix, the gallantest of the Gauls, was kept alive for years that his death might grace Cæsar's Triumph. Ariovistus, the German, escaped from Cæsar, but we hear soon after of his death, and that the Germans resented it. doubtless was killed by a Roman weapon. What became of the hunted Ambiorix we do not know, but his brother king Cativolcus poisoned himself with the juice of a yew tree. Crassus, the partner of Cæsar and Pompèy in the first triumvirate. was killed by the Parthians. Young Crassus, the son, Cæsar's officer in Gaul, had himself killed by his own men that he might not fall into the hands of the Parthians, and his head was cut off and sent to his father. Labienus fell at Munda, in the late civil war with Spain, Quintus Cicero, Cæsar's lieutenant, and his greater brother, the orator, and his son, perished in the proscriptions of the second triumvirate. Titurius and Cotta

A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

[For biographical sketch, see page 501.]

"Le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd."
—Chaude Tillier

I'D "read" three hours. Both notes and text Were fast a mist becoming, In bounced a vagrant bee, perplexed, And filled the room with humming,

Then out. The casement's leafage sways, And, parted light, discloses
Miss Di., with hat and book,—a maze
Of muslin mixed with roses.

"You're reading Greek?" "I am—and you?"
"O, mine's a mere romancer!"
"So Plato is." "Then read him—do '
And I'll read mine in answer."

I read. "My Plato (Plato, too,— That wisdom thus should harden!) Declares 'blue eyes look doubly blue Beneath a Dolly Varden.'"

She smiled. "My book in turn avers (No author's name is stated) That sometimes those Philosophers Are sadly mis-translated."

"But hear,—the next's in stronger style:
The Cynic School asserted
That two red lips which part and smile
May not be controverted!"

She smiled once more—" My book, I find, Observes some modern doctors Would make the Cynics out a kind Of album-verse concocters." Then I—" Why not? "Ephesian law, No less than time's tradition, Enjoined fair speech on all who saw DIANA's apparition."

She blushed—this time. "If Plato's page
No wiser precept teaches,
Then I'd renounce that doubtful sage,
And walk to Burnham Beeches."

"Agreed," I said. "For Socrates (I find he too is talking) Thinks Learning can't remain at ease While Beauty goes a walking."

She read no more. I leapt the sill:
The sequel's scarce essential—
Nay, more than this, I hold it still
Profoundly confidential.

----o'-55-0-----

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ATHENIANS AT SYRACUSE.

By THUOYDIDES.

(Translated by Benjamin Jowett.)

Demostheres, Menander, and Euthydemus, who had gone on board the Athenian fleet to take the command, now quitted their own station, and proceeded straight to the closed mouth of the harbor, intending to force their way to the open sea where a passage was still left.

The Syracusans and their allies had already put out with nearly the same number of ships as before. A detachment of them guarded the entrance of the harbor; the remainder were disposed all round it in such a manner that they might fall on the Athenians from every side at once, and that their land forces might at the same time be able to coöperate wherever the ships retreated to the shore. Sicanus and Agatharchus commanded the Syracusan fleet, each of them a wing; Pythen and the Corinthians occupied the center. When the Athenians approached the closed mouth of the harbor the violence of their

THE BEGINNINGS OF ROME.

BY THEODOR MOMMSEN.

(From the "History of Rome.")

[Theodor Mommsen: A German historian; born at Garding, Schleswig, November 30, 1817. He was professor of law at Leipsic (1848-1850), of Roman law at Zürich (1852-1854), and at Breslau (1854-1858). He was professor of ancient history at Berlin in 1858. His works are: "Roman History" (1854-1856; 8th ed., 1888-1889; vol. 5, 3d ed., 1886), "Roman Chronology down to Cæsar (2d ed., 1859), "History of Roman Coinage" (1860), "Roman Investigations" (1864-1879), "History of Roman Political Law" (3d ed., 1888). He was editor in chief of the "Body of Latin Inscriptions" (15 vols. and supplement, 1863-1898).]

About fourteen miles up from the mouth of the river Tiber, hills of moderate elevation rise on both banks of the stream, higher on the right, lower on the left bank. With the latter group there have been closely associated for at least two thousand five hundred years the name of the Romans. We are unable, of course, to tell how or when that name arose; this much only is certain, that in the oldest form of it known to us the inhabitants of the canton are called not Romans, but (by a shifting of sound that frequently occurs in the earlier period of a language, but fell very early into abeyance in Latin) Ramnians (Ramnes), a fact which constitutes an expressive testimony to the immemorial antiquity of the name. Its derivation cannot be given with certainty; possibly "Ramnes" may mean "foresters" or "bushmen."

But they were not the only dwellers on the hills by the bank of the Tiber. In the earliest division of the burgesses of Rome a trace has been preserved of the fact that that body arose out of the amalgamation of three cantons once probably independent, the Ramnians, Tities, and Luceres, into a single commonwealth—in other words, out of such a synoikismos as that from which Athens arose in Attica. The great antiquity of this threefold division of the community is perhaps best evinced by the fact that the Romans, in matters especially of constitutional law, regularly used the forms tribuere ("to divide into three") and tribus ("a third") in the general sense of "to divide," and "a part," and the latter expression tribus, like our "quarter," early lost its original signification of number. After the union each of these three communities—

GIBBON AND HIS HISTORY.

(From the "Autobiography.")

[Edward Gibbon, the English historian, was born at Putney, Surrey, April 27, 1737. During his boyhood he lived with his aunt, and at fifteen entered Magdalen College, Oxford, from which he was expelled for his conversion to Catholicism. In consequence of this he was sent to Lausanne, Switzerland, and placed by his father with M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic divine, who reconverted him to Protestantism. Here also he fell in love with Mademoiselle Susanne Curchod (afterwards wife of Necker, the French financier, and mother of Madame de Staël), and would have married her but for his father's opposition. On his return to England he served as captain in the Hampshire militia for several years; revisited Europe (1763-1765); was a member of Parliament for eight sessions, after which he retired for quiet and economy to Lausanne. He died in London, January 15, 1794. It was at Rome in 1764 that the idea of writing the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" first occurred to him as he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter." The first volume appeared in 1776, and the last in 1788. This monumental work is virtually a history of the civilized world for thirteen centuries, and, in spite of its defects, is one of the greatest of historical compositions. Gibbon also wrote an entertaining autobiography.]

I HAD now attained the first of earthly blessings, independence; I was the absolute master of my hours and actions; nor was I deceived in the hope that the establishment of my library in town would allow me to divide the day between study and society. Each year the circle of my acquaintance, the number of my dead and living companions, was enlarged. To a lover of books the shops and sales of London present irresistible temptations; and the manufacture of my history required a various and growing stock of materials. The militia, my travels, the House of Commons, the fame of an author, contributed to multiply my connections: I was chosen a member of the fashionable clubs; and, before I left England in 1783, there were few persons of any eminence in the literary or political world to whom I was a stranger. It would most assuredly be in my power to amuse the reader with a gallery of portraits and a collection of anecdotes. But I have always condemned the practice of transforming a private memorial into a vehicle of satire or praise. By my own choice I passed in town the greatest part of the year: but whenever I was desirous of breathing the air of the country, I possessed an hospitable retreat at Sheffield Place in Sussex, in the family of my valuable friend Mr. Holroyd, whose character, under the name of Lord Sheffield, has since been more conspicuous to the

THOUGHTS OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

[Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Roman emperor 161-180, was born at Rome, A.D. 121. He was the most nearly perfect character in history, his active ability and moral nobility being both of the first order. He was a brave, skilful, and successful general, a laborious and sagacious administrator and reformer, a generous, humane, and self-denying man. His "Meditations," which have comforted and strengthened thousands of the best minds for seventeen hundred years, were notes set down for his own guidance and spiritual comfort at odd times, in camp or court.]

The intelligence of the universe is social. Accordingly it has made the inferior things for the sake of the superior, and it has fitted the superior to one another. Thou seest how it has subordinated, coördinated, and assigned to everything its proper portion, and has brought together into concord with one another the things which are the best.

How hast thou behaved hitherto to the gods, thy parents, brethren, children, teachers, to those who looked after thy infancy, to thy friends, kinsfolk, to thy slaves? Consider if thou hast hitherto behaved to all in such a way that this may be said of thee,—

Never has wronged a man in deed or word.

And call to recollection both how many things thou hast passed through, and how many things thou hast been able to endure and that the history of thy life is now complete and thy service is ended; and how many beautiful things thou hast seen; and how many pleasures and pains thou hast despised; and how many things called honorable thou hast spurned; and to how many ill-minded folks thou hast shown a kind disposition.

Why do unskilled and ignorant souls disturb him who has skill and knowledge? What soul then has skill and knowledge? That which knows beginning and end, and knows the reason which pervades all substance, and through all time by fixed periods [revolutions] administers the universe.

Soon, very soon, thou wilt be ashes, or a skeleton, and either a name or not even a name; but name is sound and echo. And the things which are much valued in life are empty and rotten and trifling, and [like] little dogs biting one another, and little children quarreling, laughing, and then straightway weeping. But fidelity and modesty and justice and truth are fied

Up to Olympus from the widespread earth.

—Hesiod, "Works," etc., v. 197.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

By THOMAS À KEMPIS.

[Thomas à Kempis, the famous ecclesiastic and author, was so called from the town of Kempen, near Cologne, where he was born about 1380. His family name was Hamerken (Latinized, Malleolus, "little hammer"). At the age of twenty he entered the Augustinian monastery at Mount St. Agnes, near Zwolle, Holland, where he was ordained priest (1413), became subprior (1429), and passed his entire life in seclusion. He died July 26, 1471. His writings consist of sermons, letters, hymns, etc., of which only the celebrated ascetical treatise, "De Imitatione Christi" (On the Following or Imitation of Christ), published in 1607, deserves mention. It is the most widely read book in Christian literature, with the exception of the Bible, and has passed through thousands of editions in the original Latin and in translations. The authorship of the work has long been a subject of controversy. It is now generally assigned to a Kempis, but according to some investigators the theologian Jean Gerson, chancellor of the University of Paris, was the real author.]

OF INORDINATE AFFECTIONS.

WHENSOEVER a man desireth anything inordinately, he becometh presently disquieted in himself.

The proud and covetous can never rest. The poor and humble in spirit dwell in the multitude of peace.

The man that is not yet perfectly dead to himself, is quickly tempted and overcome in small and trifling things.

The weak in spirit, and he that is yet in a manner carnal and prone to the things of sense, can hardly withdraw himself altogether from earthly desires.

And therefore he is often afflicted when he goeth about to withdraw himself from them; and is easily angered when any opposeth him.

And if he hath followed his appetite, he is presently disquieted with remorse of conscience; for that he hath yielded to his passion, which profiteth him nothing to the obtaining of the peace which he sought.

True quietness of heart therefore is gotten by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

There is then no peace in the heart of a carnal man, nor in him that is given to outward things, but in the spiritual and devout man.

OF AVOIDING VAIN HOPE AND PRIDE.

He is vain that putteth his trust in man, or in creatures. Be not ashamed to serve others for the love of Jesus Christ; nor to be esteemed poor in this world.

THE LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

BY ERNEST RENAN.

(From "The Life of Jesus.")

[Joseph Ernest Renan: Noted French historian and essayist; born at Tréguier, Brittany, February 27, 1823; died at Paris, October 2, 1892. He was educated for the priesthood, but being beset by doubts concerning the accepted tenets of faith, he left the seminary of St. Sulpice and devoted himself to science and literature. He made a careful study of the Semitic languages and of religious history. Among his principal works are: "General History of the Semitic Languages" (1856), "Studies of Religious History" (1857), "Translation of the Book of Job" (1858), "The Origin of Language" (1858), "Essays, Moral and Critical" (1859), "The Life of Jesus" (1863), "The Apostles" (1866), "St. Paul" (1869), "Antichrist" (1873), "The Gospels" (1877), "The Christian Church" (1879), "Marcus Aurelius" (1881), "New Studies in Religious History" (1884), "Discourses and Conforences" (1884), and the dramas "Caliban" (1878), "Fountain of Youth" (1890), "The Priest of Némi" (1885), and "The Abbess of Jouarre" (1886).]

For a long time Jesus had been aware of the dangers surrounding him. During a period of time which may be estimated at eighteen months, he avoided going on pilgrimage to Jerusalem. At the feast of Tabernacles of the year 32 (according to the hypothesis we have adopted) his relatives, always malevolent and skeptical, pressed him to go there. The evangelist John seems to insinuate that in this invitation there was some hidden project to ruin Jesus. "Depart hence, and go into Judæa, that thy disciples also may behold thy works which thou doest. For no man doeth anything in secret, and himself seeketh to be known openly. If thou doest these things, manifest thyself to the world." Jesus, suspecting some treachery, at first refused; but when the caravan of pilgrims had started, he set out on the journey, unknown to every one, and almost alone. It was the last farewell that he bade to Galilee. The feast of Tabernacles fell at the autumnal equinox. Six months had still to elapse before the fatal consummation. But during this interval Jesus never again saw his beloved northern land. The days of pleasantness have passed away; step by step he must now traverse the path of sorrows that will only end in the anguish of death.

His disciples, and the pious women who followed him, met him again in Judæa. But how greatly was all changed for him here! In Jerusalem Jesus was a stranger. Here he felt a wall of resistance he could not penetrate. Hemmed in by

THE BELL RINGER OF NOTRE DAME.

By VIOTOR HUGO.

[Victor Marie Hugo, French novelist, poet, dramatist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Besançon, February 26, 1802. He followed his father, one of Napoleon's generals, from place to place in Europe, studying privately or in local schools. From the age of eleven he poured out streams of literary product, won several prizes before he was eighteen, and was called by Châteaubriand "The Sublime Child." He was elected to the Academy in 1845. He entered political life in 1848; became an opponent of Louis Napoleon; was proscribed by him after the coup d'état of 1851, and remained in exile till Napoleon's fall in 1870, when he returned and was made senator. He died May 22, 1885. Of his enormously prolific genius the best known products are the novels "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Misérables," "The Toilers of the Sea," "Ninety-three," and "L'Homme Qui Rit" (The Grinning Man); the plays "Hernani," "Ruy Blas," and "Les Burgraves"; "The History of a Crime," an account of the coup d'état; "The Last Day of a Condemned One"; the poems "Legend of the Ages," "Contemplations," "The Chastisements," "The Pope," and "The Art of Being a Grandfather," besides several miscellaneous volumes of verse.]

IMMANIS PECORIS CUSTOS, IMMANIOR IPSE.

Now, in 1482, Quasimodo had grown up. He had been made, some years previous, bell ringer of Notre Dame, thanks to his adopted father, Claude Frollo, who had become archdeacon of Josas, thanks to his liege lord Sir Louis de Beaumont, who had become Bishop of Paris in 1472, on the death of Guillaume Chartier, thanks to his patron Olivier le Daim, barber to Louis XI., king by the grace of God.

Quasimodo, therefore, was ringer of Notre Dame.

In time, a peculiar bond of intimacy grew up between the ringer and the church. Cut off forever from the world by the double fatality of his unknown birth and his deformity, confined from infancy in this doubly insuperable circle, the poor wretch became used to seeing nothing of the world outside the religious walls which had received him into their shadow. Notre Dame had been to him by turns, as he grew and developed, egg, nest, home, country, universe.

And it is certain that there was a sort of mysterious and preëxisting harmony between this creature and the structure. When, still a child, he dragged himself tortuously and jerkingly along beneath its clearly arches he says to the structure.

NOW, WHAT IS LOVE?

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Now, what is love, I pray thee, tell?
It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is, perhaps, the sauncing bell
That tolls all into heaven or hell;
And this is love, as I hear tell.

Yet what is love, I prithee, say?
It is a work on holiday,
It is December matched with May,
When lusty bloods in fresh array
Hear ten months after of the play;
And this is love, as I hear say.

Yet what is love, good shepherd, sain?
It is a sunshine mixed with rain,
It is a toothache or like pain,
It is a game where none hath gain;
The lass saith no, yet would full fain;
And this is love, as I hear sain.

Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?
It is a yes, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fay,
It is a thing will soon away,
Then, nymphs, take vantage while ye may
And this is love, as I hear say.

Yet what is love, good shepherd, show?
A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that proves shall find it so;
And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

[Jonathan Swift: The greatest English prose satirist; born in Dublin, November 30, 1667; died October 19, 1745. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin; was for many years secretary to Sir William Temple in England, and in 1695 became a priest, being made dean of St. Patrick's in 1713. From the beginning of his literary career his brilliant and iconoclastic satires attracted attention in the literary world, his writings, though sometimes coarse, being strong, vigorous, and always artistic. His more famous works include: "Tale of a Tub". (1704), "Battle of the Books" (1704), "Meditation upon a Broomstick" (1704), "Argument to prove the Inconvenience of Abolishing Christianity" (1708), "Project for the Advancement of Religion" (1708), "Sentiments of a Church of England Man" (1708), "Conduct of the Allies" (1711), "Advice to the October Club" (1712), "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty" (1712), "Public Spirit of the Whigs" (1714), "Drapier's Letters" (1721), "Gulliver's Travels" (1726), and "A Modest Proposal" (1729).]

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money and hide them in a hole, which the cat observing, asked, "Why he should hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of?" "Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I."

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive, and talking to me.

When I was young, I thought all the world, as well as myself, was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new play.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is) who was not a dunce.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

It is grown a word of course for writers to say, "This critical age," as divines say, "This sinful age."

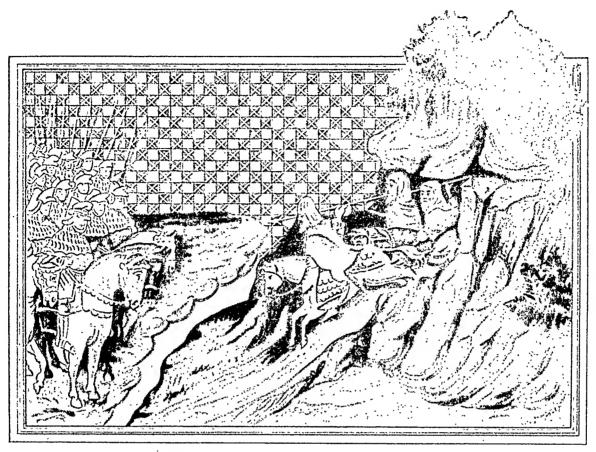
THE DECADENCE OF SPAIN.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

(From the essay on "The War of the Succession in Spain.")

[Thomas Babington Macaulay: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary at War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

Whoever wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of governments, whoever wishes to know how great states may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain. The empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. In Europe, he ruled Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands on both sides of the Rhine, Franche-Comté, Roussillon, the Milanese, and the Two Sicilies. Tuscany, Parma, and the other small states of Italy were as completely dependent on him as the Nizam and the Rajah of Berar now are on the East India Company. In Asia, the King of Spain was master of the Philippines and of all those rich settlements which the Portuguese had made on the coast of Malabar and Coromandel, in the Peninsula of Malacca, and in the Spice Islands of the Eastern Archipelago. In America his dominions extended on each side of the equator into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to a sum near ten times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand excellent troops, at a time when England had not a His ordinary naval force single battalion in constant pay. consisted of a hundred and forty galleys. He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign, he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England.





SCENES FROM RICHARD II.'S CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND.

i. Conference of the Earl of Gloucester and an Irish Chief.

ENGLAND IN HENRY VIII.'S TIME.

By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

[James Anthony Froude, the English historian, was born at Dartington, Devon, April 23, 1818, the youngest son of the Archdeacon of Totnes. He was educated at Westminster and Oriel College, Oxford, where he came under the influence of the Tractarian movement. He was elected a Fellow of Exeter and received deacon's orders, but his views underwent a change, as revealed in "The Nemesis of Faith" (1848), in consequence of which he lost his fellowship. He then turned to literature and for many years was a contributor to Fraser's Magazine and the Westminster Review. He became Rector of St. Andrews (1869); visited America, South Africa, and the Australasian colonies; and in 1892 succeeded E. A. Freeman as professor of modern history at Oxford. He died at Salcombe, Devon, October 20, 1894. His monumental work is a "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada" (12 vols., 1856–1870). Also noteworthy are: "Short Studies on Great Subjects," "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," "Cæsar," "The English in the West Indies." As literary executor of Carlyle he edited a "Life of Carlyle," "Carlyle's Reminiscences," and Mrs. Carlyle's "Letters."]

In periods like the present, when knowledge is every day extending, and the habits and thoughts of mankind are perpetually changing under the influence of new discoveries, it is no easy matter to throw ourselves back into a time in which for centuries the European world grew upon a single type, in which the forms of the father's thoughts were the forms of the son's, and the late descendant was occupied in treading into paths the footprints of his distant ancestors. So absolutely has change become the law of our present condition, that it is identified with energy and moral health; to cease to change is to lose place in the great race; and to pass away from off the earth with the same convictions which we found when we entered it is to have missed the best object for which we now seem to exist.

It has been, however, with the race of men as it has been with the planet which they inhabit. As we look back over history, we see times of change and progress alternating with other times when life and thought have settled into permanent forms; when mankind, as if by common consent, have ceased to seek for increase of knowledge, and, contented with what they possess, have endeavoured to make use of it for purposes of moral cultivation. Such was the condition of the Greeks through many ages before the Persian war; such was that of the Romans till the world revenged itself upon its conquerors

ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

BY WALTER BAGEHOT.

(From "Lombard Street.")

[Walter Bagehot, English writer, was born in Somersetshire, February 3, 1826. He was graduated at London University; was in France at the time of Louis Napoleon's coup d'état of December 2, 1851, and wrote letters to the London Inquirer on it which are classic; took part in his father's banking and shipping business; in 1860 succeeded his father-in-law as editor of the Economist, which he raised from a purely business organ to a great political review. He wrote "Physics and Politics" (1863), edited the National Review 1864–1868, and wrote many literary and biographical essays for it; published "The English Constitution" (1867), "Lombard Street" (1873), and articles collected after his death as "Economic Studies." He died March 24, 1877.]

Or all institutions in the world, the Bank of England is now probably the most remote from party politics and from "financing"; but in its origin it was not only a finance company, but a Whig finance company,—it was founded by a Whig government because it was in desperate want of money, and supported by the "City" because the "City" was Whig. Very briefly, the story was this:—

The government of Charles II. (under the Cabal ministry) had brought the credit of the English state to the lowest possible point: it had perpetrated one of those monstrous frauds which are likewise gross blunders. The goldsmiths, who then carried on upon a trifling scale what we should now call "banking," used to deposit their reserve of treasure in the Exchequer, with the sanction and under the care of the government. In many European countries, the credit of the state had been so much better than any other credit that it had been used to strengthen the beginnings of banking. The credit of the state had been so used in England: though there had lately been a civil war and several revolutions, the honesty of the English government was trusted implicitly. But Charles II. showed that it was trusted undeservedly: he shut up the Exchequer, would pay no one, and so the goldsmiths were ruined.

The credit of the Stuart government never recovered from this monstrous robbery, and the government created by the revolution of 1688 could hardly expect to be more trusted with money than its predecessor. A government created by a revolution hardly ever is: there is a taint of violence which

THE OLD REGIME IN FRANCE.

By H. A. TAINE.

[Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, French critic and historical scholar, was born in Vouziers, April 21, 1828. He published, among other works: "French Philosophers in the Nineteenth Century" (1856); "Essays in Criticism and History" (1857), "Notes on England" (1861); "Contemporary English Writers" (1869); "History of English Literature," "English Idealism," and "English Positivism" (1864); "Philosophy of Art" (1865–1870); "The Ideal in Art" (1867); "The Understanding" (1870); "Origins of Contemporary France," a cries comprising, "The Old Régime in France" (1875), "Anarchy" (1878), "The Revolutionary Government" (1884), "The Modern Régime" (1890).]

LA BRUYÈRE wrote, just a century before 1789, "Certain savage-looking beings, male and female, are seen in the country, black, livid, and sunburnt, and belonging to the soil, which they dig and grub with invincible stubbornness. They seem capable of articulation, and, when they stand erect, they display human lineaments. They are, in fact, men. They retire at night into their dens, where they live on black bread, water, and roots. They spare other human beings the trouble of sowing, plowing, and harvesting, and thus should not be in want of the bread they have planted." They continue in want of it during twenty-five years after this and die in herds. I estimate that in 1715 more than one third of the population, six millions, perish with hunger and of destitution. The picture, accordingly, for the first quarter of the century preceding the Revolution, far from being overdrawn, is the reverse; we shall see that, during more than half a century, up to the death of Louis XV., it is exact; perhaps instead of weakening any of its points, they should be strengthened.

"In 1725," says St. Simon, "with the profuseness of Strasbourg and Chantilly, the people, in Normandy, live on the grass of the fields. The first king in Europe is great simply by being a king of beggars of all conditions, and by turning his kingdom into a vast hospital of dying people of whom their all is taken without a murmur." In the most prosperous days of Fleury and in the finest region in France, the peasant hides "his wine on account of the excise and his bread on account of the taille," convinced "that he is a lost man if any doubt exists of his dying of starvation." In 1739 d'Argenson writes in his journal: "The famine has just occasioned three insurrections in the provinces, at Ruffec, at Caen, and at Chinon. Women carrying

India and the "Library of Famous Literature."

Written by Dr. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D., Editor-in-Chief.

IN one of the most beautiful and widely known of his poems, the German poet Heine finds an emblem for the condition of parted lovers in the pine of Norway and the palm of India. The pine buried in the heavy snow of the long northern winter dreams of the distant palm which is itself unhappy, for it withers on burning sand. The evil, however, is, in the poet's mind, neither the snow nor the sand, but the estrangement: if pine and palm could be brought together, all would be well.

THE UNION OF EUROPE AND INDIA.

Palms will not grow in Norway, or pines on the plains of India: but the human pine and palm have been approximating for centuries. The aim of bringing Europe and India together has, ever since Vasco de Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, consciously or unconsciously inspired the valour of an Albuquerque or a Clive, the policy of a Hastings or a Macaulay, the learning of a Max Müller or a William Jones. When in some future age the period of strife and toil.

The seem that all its operations have

Of all the agencies that unite races or nations none is more powerful than literature. A common literature creates a common ideal. If the Indians and Anglo-Indians knew each other's literature half as well as they know their own, the work of union would be half accomplished. For a variety of obvious reasons, it is clear that the process of assimilation must begin on the Indian side, that European thought must penetrate India before Indian thought can make much impression upon Europe.

Although Indian literature is by no means neglected in the great anthology now offered to the Indian and Anglo-Indian public, this is in the main a collection of the examples of the best Western literature of all ages. In this point of view it offers itself to both Indian and Anglo-Indian as a powerful instrument in that movement towards approximation which we have indicated, and as supplying some defects in the measures hitherto adopted to promote acquaintance with European literature in India.

ADVANTAGES OF THE LIBRARY FOR NATIVES.

The study of individual English writers has made great progress in India. Milton, Pope, Macaulay and Mill are well known to the educated Indian, but this does not suffice; the native student's survey of English literature should be as far as possible panoramic. He can otherwise have no just idea of its richness and complexity, and he may even be misled by taking one prominent writer as a type of an entire period. To bring the whole of European literature to Hindustan is manifestly impossible, but it may be claimed that the anthology now offered meets the difficulty with a completeness unrivalled by any similar

book in the world. The possessor really will have English literature, including that of the United States, in miniature. Very few conspicuous authors are left unrepresented; and, what is no less material, every period is represented in proportion to its importance. The reader will be able to? place himself in individual relation with any age and any eschool, and will be provided with a basis of information from which to extend his inquiries in any direction he. pleases. More than this, the numerous translations from foreign authors offer an insight into the style and methods of all the European literatures. The intelligent Indian reader who has mastered what this literature offers will. find his manners and ideas indefinitely extended, and the Western world brought far nearer to him than it could be by any prescribed course of study. He will have made great progress from the stage of student towards the stage of scholar.

ADVANTAGES FOR EUROPEAN RESIDENTS.

The advantages which this anthology offers to the European resident in India are dissimilar from those proffered to the native reader, but not less substantial. The difficulty of keeping in contact with European culture must be felt painfully by all those whose duties compel them to remain long years in the East; and it is not the least serious aspect of the evil that such literature as is accessible is in general but the literature of the day. The new book and the new periodical find their way more or less to India, but the writing and thinking of the best authors are hardly to be met with outside a few of the largest cities. The anthology now offered will do much to remedy this misfortune. It is of course impossible that it

should have any concern with the very latest literary productions, published more recently than itself. It must of necessity rely upon works already more or less stamped with the approval of mankind. It covers all ages, all ... generations in which literature has existed, and offers some examples of the styles of composition prevalent in every age. It is consequently a work of the greatest variety, full of novelty even for the widest reader, and varying its . character with every volume. This, even more than its extent, renders it an intellectual resource that can never fail. The possessor, secluded as he may be in some lonely. village or some remote up-country station, finds himself in contact with all the ages and enjoys every variety of literary ... style; while its extent enables him to set ennui at defiance, and renders him for a long time independent of every other intellectual resource. To many a dweller in the land of . Ind, perhaps isolated from European society, and if not entirely so, at least suffering from great impairment of the ordinary facilities for European culture, such a visit from the great minds of past and present as this collection effects must seem as though the gods had come down from Heaven in the likeness of men.

R. Garnett.

HENRY HOLIDAY'S

"DANTE AND BEATRICE."



Dante and Beatrice in Florence. By Hollday.

One of the Art Treasures of Liverpool.

Henry Holiday's idyllic picture of Dante's revered and unattained ideal.

Perhaps the most beautiful love story ever written is that of "Dante and Beatrice." It was in Paradise that Dante saw again the Beatrice he had idolised on earth in his youth, and whose death was both the tragedy and the inspiration of his career. His worship of his fellow-townswoman was like that of Petrarch for Laura, and he devoted one whole work of prose and sonnets, the "Vita Nuova," to celebrating his idolatry of her. It was in this that he said to her:

"Whenever and wherever she appeared before me, I had no longer an enemy in the world, such a flame of charity was kindled in my heart."

Some such mood possessed Henry Holiday in painting his beautiful picture, "Dante and Beatrice," which now hangs in the Liverpool Art Gallery. Holiday is a contemporary English painter, in whom the influence of the pre-Raphaelite school is evident. His painting shows Beatrice striding along the lung' Arno; leaning on the bridge across the Arno is the enraptured Dante.

Taken as a whole, it would be difficult to bring together a collection of ten more delightful and interesting pictures, giving in some sense a historical perspective, and at the same time representative of the greatest painters of our day. Each of these paintings deals either with some interesting episode or portrays the features of some writer incontestably belonging to the immortals. Each bears the name of a painter who occupies an eminent place in the world of art. It is not too much to say that these pictures, hardly less than the "Library of Famous Literature" itself, must form an almost inevitable part of every home wherein the genial influence of books and writers is felt.

Puvis de Chavannes' "Fomer."

No painter has so perfectly represented the majestic simplicity of the ideal Homer as Puvis de Chavannes, who died last year at such a height of fame that some critics have not feared to call him "the greatest painter of the Nineteenth Century."

Puvis de Chavannes was not quick to arrive at his true career, for he was thirty-five years old when he gained his first admission to that Salon from which he was later to be a leader in revolt; eventually, in fact, the president of the rival Salon. He was born at Lyons, December 14th, 1824, and studied under Ary Scheffer and Couture. He made mural painting his special study, and was soon the chief among decorators. Instead of seeking a chaotic carnival of hues, as most mural decorators are wont, his ideal was, as one writer has said, "a systematic sobriety of colours."

He died in the plenitude of his inspiration, and almost his last work was his splendid series of wall paintings for the new public library in the city of Boston (U.S.A.). These pictures flank the great stairway, and they lift the mind and spirit as the body ascends. Perhaps the best of all the subjects is the scene where Homer is represented in solemn contemplation, attended and inspired by two goddesses. Both subject and treatment are full of nobility.

Burne-Jones' "Kipling."

From Homer to Kipling—this represents both the completeness of the "Library of Famous Literature" and of the "Gallery of Portraits" that forms its Supplement. The portrait of the young Titan was a feature of the Royal Academy of 1900. It was painted by Kipling's cousin, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, who was born in 1861, the son of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, whose art as well as whose title he seems to have inherited in no small degree. Kipling's portrait, with its pipe and cigar boxes, shows a source of inspiration in curious contrast with that selected for Homer at the other end of the line,—typical of the transition from classical treatment to that of ultra-modernity.



Burne-Jones' Portrait of Kipling.

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A brilliant characterization of one of the new school of fiction by one of the new school of painting



Homer, by Puvis de Chavannes.

By fermission of Messys, Braun, Clement & Co.

The last great work of the greatest painter of his time; one of the famous decorations of the Boston Public Library.

The Gallery of Famous Paintings.

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Some of the paintings are described in these pages, and illustrated by small half tones. The pictures themselves are imperial photogravures of beautiful texture, impressed on plate paper of the finest quality, and measure about 22 by 28 inches, the engraved surface averaging about 12 by 15 inches.

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- "MOLIÈRE READING HIS PLAYS," -MELINGUE.
- "SWIFT AND STELLA,"-MISS DICKSEE.
- "SCOTT'S MEETING WITH BURNS,"—
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- WATTS'S "PORTRAIT OF TENNYSON."
- BURNE-JONES'S "KIPLING AT WORK."

These Photogravures are issued exclusively to Subscribers to the Library, and cannot be obtained separately or in any other way.

UNREASONABLE CLAIMS IN SOCIAL AFFECTIONS AND RELATIONS.

BY ARTHUR HELPS.

(From "Friends in Council.")

[Sin Arthur Heles, English man of letters, was born at Streatham, July 10, 1813; graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was private sceretary to the chancellor of the exchequer, and to the Irish secretary; in later life, clerk to the Privy Council. He published: "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd" (1895); "The Claims of Labor" (1814); "Friends in Council" (1817–1859); "The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen" (1818–1852); "The Spanish Conquest in America" (1855–1861); biographies of Las Casas, Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortes; "Thoughts upon Government" (1872); "Realmah" (1869); "Talks about Animals and their Masters" (1873) "Social Pressure" (1875). He died March 7, 1875.]

We are all apt to magnify the importance of whatever we are thinking about, which is not to be wondered at; for everything human has an outlet into infinity, where we come to perceive on considering it. But with a knowledge of this tendency, I still venture to say that, of all that concerns mankind, this subject has, perhaps, been the least treated of in regard to its significance. For once that unreasonable expectations of gratitude have been reproved, ingratitude has been denounced a thousand times; and the same may be said of inconstancy, unkindness in friendship, neglected merit and the like.

To begin with ingratitude. Human beings seldom have the demands upon each other which they imagine; and for what they have done they frequently ask an impossible return. Moreover, when people really have done others a service, the persons benefited often do not understand it. Could they have understood it, the benefactor, perhaps, would not have had to perform it. You cannot expect gratitude from them in proportion to your enlightenment. Then, again, where the service is a palpable one, thoroughly understood, we often require that the gratitude for it should bear down all the rest of the man's character. The dog is the very emblem of faithfulness; yet I believe it is found that he will sometimes like the person who takes him out and amuses him more than the person who feeds him. So, amongst bipeds, the most solid service must sometimes give way to the claims of congeniality. Human creatures

HEROISM IN HOUSEKEEPING.

By JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

So many talents are wasted, so many enthusiasms turned to smoke, so many lives spoiled for want of a little patience and endurance, for want of understanding that it is not the greatness or littleness of the duty nearest hand, but the spirit in which one does it, which makes one's doing noble or mean!

... Being an only child, and brought up to great prospects, I was sublimely ignorant of every branch of useful knowledge, though a capital Latin scholar and very fair mathematician. It behooved me in these astonishing circumstances to learn to cook! no capable servant choosing to live at such an out-of-the-way place, and my husband having bad digestion, which complicated my difficulties dreadfully.

So I sent for Cobbett's "Cottage Economy," and fell to work at a loaf of bread. But, knowing nothing about the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed; and I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert.

One o'clock struck! and then two!! and then three!!! And still I was sitting there in the midst of an immense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of forlornness and degradation. That I, who had been so petted at home, who had never been required to do anything but cultivate my mind, should have to pass all those hours of the night in watching a loaf of bread—which mightn't turn out bread after all!

Such thoughts maddened me, till I laid down my head on the table and sobbed aloud. It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini sitting up all night watching his Perseus in the furnace came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself: "After all, in the sight of the upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing that one's hand has found to do? The man's determined will, his energy, his patience, his resource were the really admirable things of which his statue of Perseus was the mere chance expression.

I cannot express what consolation this germ of an idea spread over my uncongenial life.

THE INVESTIGATION OF LIFE

By T. H. HUXLEY.

(From "The Physical Basis of Life.")

[Thomas Henry Huxley, famous English biologist, was born at Ealing, May 2!, 1825, and was educated at Ealing School (of which his father was one of the masters) and at Charing Cross Hospital. He served as assistant surgeon on H.M.S. "Victory" and "Rattlesnake," and during the cruise of the latter vessel in Australian waters made important observations on oceanic hydrozoa. Returning to England, he was made professor of natural history in the Royal School of Mines, and of physiology at the Royal Institution. He has also held other professorships; was lord rector of Aberdeen University (1872), Rede lecturer at Cambridge, president of the Royal Society, etc. He greatly interested himself in educational questions, and with Darwin, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer brought about the general acceptance of the doctrine of evolution. His publications include: "Man's Place in Nature," "Lay Sermons," "Science and Culture," "Essays on Controverted Questions," and "Evolution and Ethics." He died at Eastbourne, June 29, 1895.]

In the wonderful story of the "Peau de Chagrin," the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass' skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last handbreadth of the peau de chagrin disappear with the gratification of a last wish.

Balzac's studies had led him over a wide range of thought and speculation, and his shadowing forth of physiological truth in this strange story may have been intentional. At any rate, the matter of life is a veritable peau de chagrin, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm.

Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and, in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light—so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on forever. But, happily, the protoplasmic pean de chagrin differs from Balzac's in its capacity of being repaired, and brought back to its full size, after every exertion.

For example, this present lecture, whatever its intellectual worth to you, has a certain physical value to me, which is, conceivably, expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LAUGHTER.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

(From "Illustrations of Universal Progress.")

[Herbert Spencer, philosopher, was born at Derby, England, April 27, 1820. He began active life as a civil engineer and was later subeditor of the *Economist* newspaper. He published: "The Proper Sphere of Government" (1842), "Social Statics" (1851), "Prospectus of a System of Synthetic Philosophy" (1860), "Education" (1861), "Essays" (1858-1863), "First Principles" (1862), "Principles of Biology" (1864), "Classification of the Sciences" (1864), "Principles of Physchology" (1872), "The Study of Sociology" (1873), "Principles of Sociology" (1876), "Ceremonial Institutions" (1879), "Data of Ethics" (1879), "Political Institutions" (1882), "The Man versus the State" (1884), "Ecclesiastical Institutions" (1885), "Essays" (1891), "Principles of Ethics" (1893), and the final volume of "Principles of Sociology" (1896).]

Why do we smile when a child puts on a man's hat? or what induces us to laugh on reading that the corpulent Gibbon was unable to rise from his knees after making a tender declaration? The usual reply to such questions is that laughter results from a perception of incongruity. Even were there not on this reply the obvious criticism that laughter often occurs from extreme pleasure or from mere vivacity, there would still remain the real problem—How comes a sense of the incongruous to be followed by these peculiar bodily actions? Some have alleged that laughter is due to the pleasure of a relative self-elevation, which we feel on seeing the humiliation of others. But this theory, whatever portion of truth it may contain, is, in the first place, open to the fatal objection that there are various humiliations to others which produce in us anything but laughter; and, in the second place, it does not apply to the many instances in which no one's dignity is implicated: as when we laugh at a good pun. Moreover, like the other, it is merely a generalization of certain conditions to laughter; and not an explanation of the odd movements which occur under these conditions. Why, when greatly delighted, or impressed with certain unexpected contrasts of ideas, should there be a contraction of particular facial muscles, and particular muscles of the chest and abdomen? Such answer to this question as may be possible can be rendered only by physiology.

Every child has made the attempt to hold the foot still while it is tickled, and has failed; and probably there is scarcely any one who has not vainly tried to avoid winking,

DINNERS.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

(From "Lucile.")

O nour of all hours, the most blessed upon earth, Blessed hour of our dinners!

The land of his birth;
The face of his first love; the bills that he owes;
The twaddle of friends and the venom of foes;
The sermon he heard when to church he last went;
The money he borrowed, the money he spent;
All of these things a man, I believe, may forget
And not be the worse for forgetting; but yet
Never, never, oh never! earth's luckiest sinner
Hath unpunished forgotten the hour of his dinner!
Indigestion, that conscience of every bad stomach,
Shall relentlessly gnaw and pursue him with some ache
Or some pain; and trouble, remorseless, his best ease,
As the Furies once troubled the sleep of Orestes.

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

A DOG OF FLANDERS.

~0;55;00<u>~</u>

A STORY OF NOEL.

By OUIDA.

[Louise de la Ramée, whose pen name is Ouida, an English novelist, was born at Bury St. Edmund, in 1840. She is of French extraction, and is a writer of undoubted genius and originality. Her childhood was spent in London, where at an early age she began to contribute articles to periodical literature. She later removed to Italy, and now makes her home in Florence. Her writings, which are very numerous, include: "Granville de Vigne" (1863), "Held in Bondage." (1863), "Strathmore" (1865), "Under Two Flags" (1867),

CHECKS TO THE INCREASE OF GENIUS

By FRANCIS GALTON.

(From "Hereditary Genius.")

[Francis Galton, anthropologist, was born at Duddeston, England, February 16, 1822. He attended King Edward's School, Birmingham, studied medicine at Birmingham Hospital and King's College, London, and was graduated an M.A. from Trinity College, Cambridge, 1844. He traveled in Africa and elsewhere, and in 1850 received the gold medal from the Geographical Society. He was general secretary of the British Association 1863–1868, president of the anthropological sections 1885–1886, and held many other honorary positions in learned societies. He invented composite photography. He was given the degree of D.C.L., 1884, and that of D.Sc., 1895. His principal works are: "Travels in South Africa" (1853), "Art of Travel" (1855), "Meteorographica" (1863), "Hereditary Genius" (1869), "English Men of Science" (1874), "Composite Portraits" (1878), "Inquiries into Human Faculty" (1889), and "Finger Points" (3 books, 1892–1893 and 1895).]

The extent to which persecution must have affected European races is easily measured by a few well-known statistical facts. Thus, as regards martyrdom and imprisonment, the Spanish nation was drained of free thinkers at the rate of 1000 persons annually, for the three centuries between 1471 and 1781,—an average of 100 persons having been executed and 900 imprisoned every year during that period. The actual data during those three hundred years are 32,000 burnt, 17,000 persons burnt in effigy (I presume they mostly died in prison or escaped from Spain), and 291,000 condemned to various terms of imprisonment and other penalties. It is impossible that any nation could stand a policy like this, without paying a heavy penalty in the deterioration of its breed, as has notably been the result in the formation of the superstitious, unintelligent Spanish race of the present day.

Italy was also frightfully persecuted at an earlier date. In the diocese of Como, alone, more than 1000 were tried annually by the inquisitors for many years, and 300 were burnt in the single year 1416.

The French persecutions, by which the English have been large gainers, through receiving their industrial refugees, were on a nearly similar scale. In the seventeenth century three or four hundred thousand Protestants perished in prison, at the galleys, in their attempts to escape, or on the scaffold, and an equal number emigrated. Mr. Smiles, in his admirable book on the Huguenots, has traced the influence of these and of the Flemish emigrants on England, and shows clearly that she

MR. PUNCH'S TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

[Shirley Brooks, an English journalist and humorist, was born in 1825, and in early manhood was articled to a solicitor. His first humorous writing was done in 1847 for "The Man in the Moon," and the "Puppet Show" (1848). He was a member of the staff of the Morning Chronicle, being gallery-reporter for five sessions in the House of Commons as well as leader writer. In 1851 he joined the staff of Punch, and was thereafter a contributor to its columns until his death in February, 1874. The work by which he was best known was his "Essence of Parliament," which he wrote for twenty years during the sessions. At the death of Mark Lemon, in 1870, Brooks succeeded him as editor, and occupied that position at the time of his death.]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier, You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace, Broad for the self-complacent British sneer, His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair, His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease, His lack of all we prize as debonair, Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh, Judging each step as though the way were plain: Reckless, so it could point its paragraph, Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain;

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew, Between the mourners at his head and feet, Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer; To lame my pencil, and confute my pen; To make me own this hind of princes' peer, This railsplitter a true-born king of men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sky, Utter one voice of sympathy and shame: Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high; Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

By CHARLES DARWIN.

(From "The Descent of Man.")

THE main conclusion arrived at in this work, namely, that man is descended from some lowly organized form, will, I regret to think, be highly distasteful to many. But there can hardly be a doubt that we are descended from barbarians. The astonishment which I felt on first seeing a party of Fuegians on a wild and broken shore will never be forgotten by me, for the reflection at once rushed into my mind—such were our ancestors. These men were absolutely naked and bedaubed with paint, their long hair was tangled, their mouths frothed with excitement, and their expression was wild, startled, and distrustful. They possessed hardly any arts, and, like wild animals, lived on what they could catch; they had no government, and were merciless to every one not of their own small tribe. He who has seen a savage in his native land will not feel much shame if forced to acknowledge that the blood of some more humble creature flows in his veins. For my own part I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper, or from that old baboon, who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs—as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practices infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions.

Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hope for a still higher destiny in the distant future. But we are not here concerned with hopes or fears, only with the truth as far as our reason permits us to discover it; and I have given the evidence to the best of my ability. We must, however, acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man, with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men but to the humblest living creature, with his godlike intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system—with all these exalted powers—Man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.

DEATH'S VALLEY.

By WALT WHITMAN.

NAY, do not dream, designer dark,

Thou hast portrayed or hit thy theme entire:

I, hoverer of late by this dark valley, by its confines, having glimpses

Here enter lists with thee, claiming my right to make a symbol too.

For I have seen many wounded soldiers die, After dread suffering—have seen their lives pass off with smiles;

And I have watched the death hours of the old; and seen the infant

The rich, with all his nurses and his doctors;

And then the poor, in meagerness and poverty;

And I myself for long, O Death, have breathed my every breath

Amid the nearness and the silent thought of thee.

And out of these and thee,

I make a scene, a song, brief (not fear of thee,

Nor gloom's ravines, nor bleak, nor dark-for I do not fear thee,

Nor celebrate the struggle, or contortion, or hard-tied knot),

Of the broad blessed light and perfect air, with meadows, rippling tides, and trees and flowers and grass,

And the low hum of living breeze—and in the midst God's beautiful eternal right hand,

Thee, holiest minister of Heaven—thee, envoy, usherer, guide at last of all;

Rich, florid, loosener of the stricture knot called life, Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.

FROM "BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER."

ంం'సినిం

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

[George Meredith, English novelist and poet, is a native of Hampshire, and was born February 12, 1828. After studying for some time in Germany, he commenced his literary career with the publication of a volume of poems (1851), which was followed by the burlesque poem, "The Shaving of Shagpat," and his first novel, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" (1859). Subsequent novels are: "Emilia in England" (now known as "Sandra Belloni"), "Rhoda Fleming," "Vittoria" (sequel to "Sandra Belloni"), "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," "Beauchamp's Gareer," "The Egoist," "Diana of the Crossways,"

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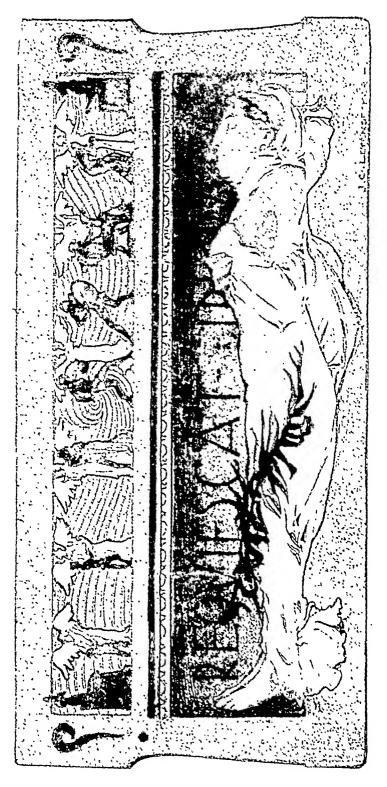
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CICERO AND CATILINE IN THE SENATE

"How long now, Catiline, will you abuse our patience?"

From a fresco painting by Professor G. Maccari, on the wall of the Palace of the Senate, Rome



"THANATOPSIS."



CAIN AND HIS FAMILY From a painting by Corman

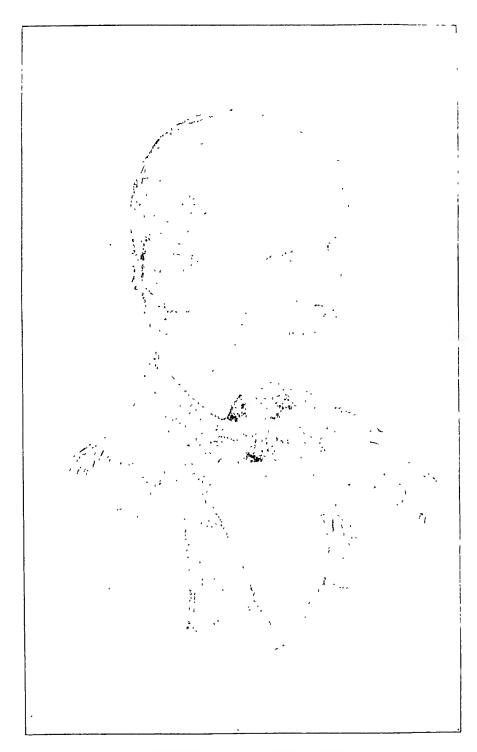


THE MURDER OF THE EMPEROR VITELLIUS



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From a rare old print



EMERSON AS A YOUNG MAN.



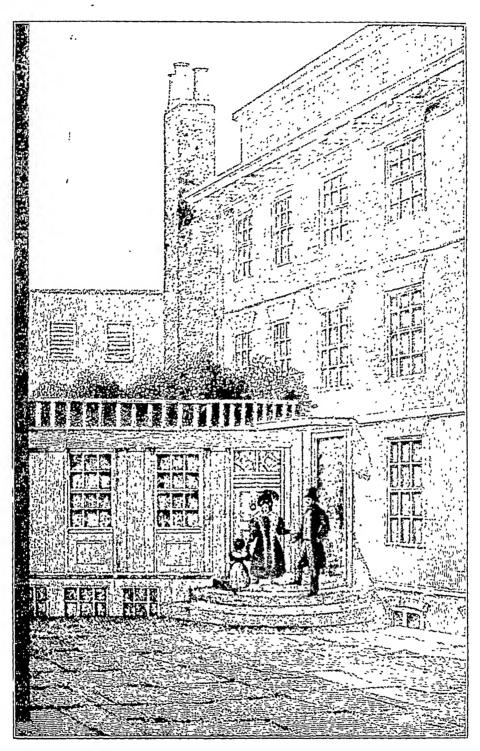
BENVENUTO CELLINI IN HIS STUDIO From a painting by Robert Fleury. Salon, 1841



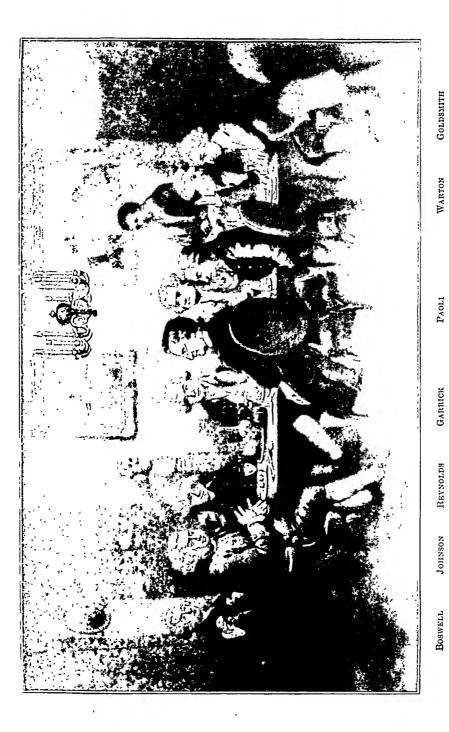
CROMWELL AT MARSTON MOOR From a painting by Ernest Crofts, R.A.



FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON IN THE DRESS WORN BY HIM IN HIS JOURNEY TO THE HEBRIDES



DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S HOUSE, NO. 8 BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET



A LITERARY PARTY AT SIR JOSHUA REXNOLDS'S



MARTIN LUTHER
From a rare old print



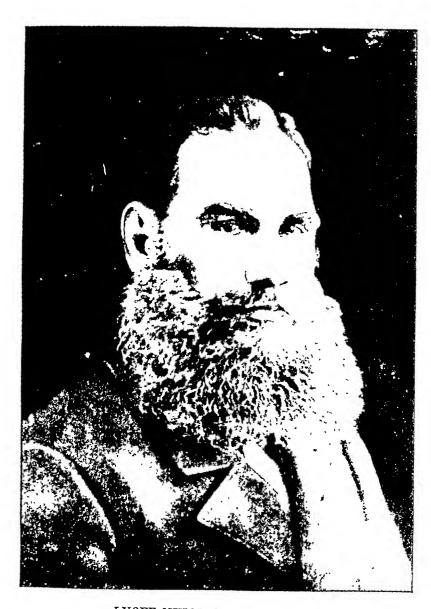
GOETHE IN WEIMAR.



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MOLIÈRE AND HIS TROUPE OF PLAYERS From a painting by Gaston Melingue



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